THE ARK. A POEM.

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In Imitation of

Du BARTAS.

By Mr. BURCHETT.

LONDON:

Printed for *Edward Caſtle* near *Whitehall.* 1714.

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THE ARK.

THE *Doom* on *Parents* for *orig'nal Sin*,
Too ſoon, alas! on their *Deſcendants* fell;
For *God*, provok'd by that *obdurate Race*,
At once o'erwhelm'd the whole *Terreſtrial Ball*;
And never more the various *feather'd Tribe*
Their *Wings* had ſtretch'd, and cut thro' *yielding Air*,
We *all* had periſh'd, and the *Earth* in vain
Had *Food* for *Man*, and *Herb* for *Beaſt* produc'd,
If *Lamech*'s Son, fulfilling *Heav'n's* Command,
A *floating Habitation* had not built,
Which ſacred Refuge *Parent-pairs* preſerv'd,
Of all things living, from the raging *Flood*.

Now while the *Ark* o'er lofty *Mountains* paſs'd,
Which by the *ſwelling Waters* cover'd were,
Our *ſecond Sire* not ſpent his precious Time
In idle Talk, or unbecoming *Tales*;
But as the *Summer*, with refreſhing *Dews*,
To *Meadows ruſſet* gives a pleaſing *Green*,
And maketh various *Herbs*, and fragrant *Flow'rs*,
Sprout from the *Earth*, delightful to our Sight;
So righteous *Noah*, *Heav'n's* peculiar Care,
Thus to his *tim'rous Fam'ly* Comfort gave.

Cheer ye, my *Children*, *God* will ſoon withdraw
This *baneful Flood*, which his *ſtrict Juſtice* ſent,
When he, provok'd 'gainſt *ſinful Men*, had arm'd
The *Heav'ns* themſelves, the *Waters* and the *Winds*.
His *Wonted Goodneſs* he e'er long will ſhew,
Calm *rugged Waves*, and clear the *louring Skie*.

The *Wrath* and *Mercy* of th' Almighty *Judge*
To Us his *Creatures* doth *alternate* flow;
And though the *Waters* now o'er *All* prevail,
The drenched *Land* again will ſhew her *Face*.
Our *Great Creator*'s ſparing of his *Ire*,
But *without Bounds* his *Bleſſings* we partake;
To *ſpecial Ends* ſometimes he doth *chaſtiſe*,
And we *our ſelves*, or near *Relations* feel,
In *Soul* or *Body*, or in *Goods* or *Fame*,
Thoſe *Puniſhments* his Wiſdom deemeth meet;
Yet ſoon th' afflicting *Rod* aſide he lays,
And as fond *Parents* froward *Children* ſcourge,
So not with *heavy Hand* doth he it uſe,
Nor yet *correct* as oft as we *offend*;
And while the *Juſt* but *taſte* the *Wine* of's *Wrath*,
Th' *Ungodly* drink whole *Draughts* of *bitter Lees*.

The good *old Man* his *Fam'ly* thus harangu'd,
And moſt devoutly his *Preſerver* prais'd;
But wicked *Cham*, who in his brutal Breaſt
The Roots of curſed *Ath'iſm* had imbib'd,
Caſting about how he might *God* dethrone,
And *Power ſupream* unto himſelf *uſurp*;
He who on *Africk*'s Sands a *Temple* rais'd,
Wherein th' ambitious *Wretch* his *Idol* plac'd;
With haughty *Mien*, and Aſpect *bold* and *fierce*,
Thus, *void of Duty*, his old *Sire* rebuk'd.

Oh! how it grieves me that theſe *ſervile Fears*,
And *Notions vulgar*, the baſe *Coward's Scourge*,

In your *miſguided Heart* ſuch Root have ta'en;
Why, *Father*, why in *Spirit* thus depreſs'd?
Will you, *as now*, an humble *Slave* remain?
The *Anger* fear of a *pretended Judge?*
Or ſtill unto your ſelf a *Cenſor* form?
Who marks your *Words*, nay inmoſt *Thoughts* doth weigh,
That e'en the Number of your *Hairs* does count,
And holds in's Hand thy feeble *Thread* of *Life*,
Your *Sighs* records, and has before his Eyes
As well your *paſt* as *un-committed Sins?*
Oh! ſee you not how this *miſtaken Zeal*
A thouſand *Errors* formeth in your Mind?
Or how ſuch light *Credulity* doth drive
Now unto *this*, then unto *that Extream?*
Feigning a *God* with num'rous *Storms* oppreſt,
Than *Woman* fainter, than a *Beaſt* more fierce;
Who, *tender-hearted*, mourns when others weep,
But then *remorſeleſs*, lets, whene'er he liſts,
His *direful* Rage *Reaſon* it ſelf o'ercome,
Hiding the Heart of *Bear* in Human Shape.
Thus raſhly of his *Godhead* you aſſert,
That he for *Mortals* Sufferings melts in *Tears*,
Yet otherwhiles he *frets*, and *ſtorms*, and *frowns*,
Burns, and *deſtroys*, and *all things* overthrows.

The *ſavage Boar* doth but *one Wood* deſtroy,
Nor *Tyrant Man* more than *one Country* waſte,
But he in's dreadful *Fury* turns to *nought*
The *whole* at once which he *himſelf hath made.*

Albeit *one*, or *more* of *us* have ſinn'd,
And *juſtly* thus his dire *Reſentment* feel,
Why ſhould thoſe *Creatures* who from *Crimes* are free,
Ev'n *Beaſts* and *Birds*, like *Puniſhment* receive?

No, *Father*, no, 'twere *Folly* to believe,
That this your reverenc'd *God* not *fickle* is,

Full of *Revenge*, to baneful *Wrath* inclin'd,
And as devouring *Savages* not *fierce*;
Or that for *ſmalleſt Faults* he'll not *unhinge*
This goodly *World*, and his own *Nature* too.

All humid *Exhalations*, wand'ring *Clouds*,
And *Seas*, which long in *Heav'n* were *hoarded* up,
Each other cruſhing, with *Self-weight* o'ercharg'd,
At once *ruſh down* upon the *Earthly Ball*;
And fleeting *Air*, which oft it ſelf doth looſe
Through *unſeen Crannies* in the diſmal *Caves*,
Where, cloſe confin'd, it's by the piercing *Cold*
Firſt *thicken'd*, then to *Chryſtal Subſtance* form'd,
But when *dilated* is again *exhal'd*,
Have not alone the *lowly Plains* o'erwhelm'd,
But in few Days this ſwelling *Flood* hath hid
The tow'ring Heads of *Leb'non*'s ſtately *Trees*.

Then, with *juſt Grief*, his aged *Father* ſaid,
Oh wicked *Cham!* O falſe, rebellious *Son!*
Who proudly thus the *Holy Ghoſt* contemns,
And harbour'ſt *Thoughts* within thy *canker'd Breaſt*
Which none but *envious Satan* could inſtil;
Too ſoon I fear, (but gracious *Lord* forgive!)
The *righteous* Hand of thy thus *ſlighted God*
On your *preſumptuous Head* will heavy fall;
And that thou'lt then, by thine *unhappy* State,
Of his *juſt Wrath* a *ſad Example* be.

I, through great *Mercy*, do aright conceive
Th'*Almighty Father* is moſt *infinite*,
That he within his Heav'nly *Mind* not feels
Paſſions which *mortal Men* are ſubject to:
That ev'ry thing he by his *Will* doth move,
And can to *Atoms* ev'n the *World* reduce;
That his *exalted* and *eternal Throne*,
Is from the Sight of us poor *Wretches* hid.

How vain is *Man*, when he, by *Nature*'s Guide,
Doth *God*'s *Omnipotence* pretend to ſearch!
Can *mortal Eye* that glorious *Being* ſee,
Who is the *Soul* of all the *Univerſe*?
By us his *Eſſence* cannot be defin'd,
Nor we his *wond'rous Ways*, or *Name* expreſs;
For when of thoſe great *Myſteries* we ſpeak,
Our *Tongues*, unskill'd, want proper *Epithets*.
Admit we *ſtrong* him call, *ſmall* is the Praiſe;
If *Spirit bleſs'd*, are not the *Angels* ſo?
If the *moſt Great*, of *Quantity* he's void;
If *Good*, or *Holy*, *Quality* he wants;
For in his *Eſſence*, exellently full,
The *Subſtance* pure from *Accident* is free.
The *Voice* of *Man*, in ſuch a Caſe, too faint
The *Soul* to follow, ſhe the *Object* trace,
Doth always *faulter*, and whene'er the *Name*
Of *God moſt High* it would *redoubted* make,
In *human Phraſe* it *merciful* him calls,
Repenting, *jealous*, and to *Anger* prone:
Yet this *Repentance* in the'Almighty *Lord*
Not *taxes* him with *Folly* like to *Us*;
His jealous *Hatred* him not *curious* makes,
His *Pity* wretched, nor his *Anger* fierce:
Th' *immortal Spirit*'s always *calm* and *clear*,
And ev'n the beſt that *human Fleſh* can do,
Spurr'd on by th'Veh'mence of ſome *Paſſion* ſtrong,
That with *ripe Judgment* doth the *King* of *Kings*.

Shall a *Phyſician* to a *Patient* call'd,
His Anguiſh under grievous *Pain* perceive,
And, with his utmoſt *Induſtry* and *Skill*,
Aſſiſt the *ſuff'ring Man*, who Help requires?
And ſhall not *God*, the *ſelf-reſembling Lord*,
From *Heav'n* look down on wretched *Mortals* here,
Unleſs he *weep*, and melts with *anxious Grief*,
Nor without *Self-Concern* his *Creature* aid?

Or ſhall a *Judge*, in his *Decrees* upright,
To *Death*, *deſerv'd*, th' *Adulterer* prefer,
As looking *fix'd* upon the *Crime* alone,
Not on the *Sinner*, but his black *Offence*?
And ſhall not *He*, th'eternal *Judge* of *all*,
The *Atheiſt* and the *Murderer* condemn
Without *Self-Fury*? Oh! ſhall *Juſtice* then
In *God* be *blam'd*, yet *magnify'd* in *us*?
Or ſhall his *ſacred Will*, and *Sov'reign Pow'r*,
So faſt to Man's *frail Appetite* be link'd,
That he from *Puniſhment* muſt needs refrain,
Leſt in his *Godhead* he ſhould ſuffer too?

Vengeance in him not ſerveth to protect
His own *pure Eſſence* from our *weak Attempts*,
But to direct our *Lives*, his *Laws* maintain,
The *juſt Man* guard, and *Injuries* prevent.

Th'*Almighty*'s Pow'r was ſhewn when he reduc'd
Near all the *World*, who from his *Ways* had ſwerv'd;
For *Adam*'s *Trunk*, of both our *Worlds* the *Tree*,
In two fair *Branches* fruitfully ſhot forth;
But from the *one*, revengeful, murd'ring *Cain*,
A *Race* there ſprung moſt infamouſly *vile*:
Seth's firſt were *good*, but when they 'gan to graft
On thoſe *baſe Limbs*, the *Venom* they imbib'd,
'Twixt whom a *ſpurious Iſſue* were produc'd,
Harden'd in *Evil*, and *inceſtuous Luſt*;
And then, alas! who was there to be found
Or *juſt*, or *righteous* on this *Earthly Globe*?

Cain's Line were *wicked* from their *barb'rous Sire*,
Seth's the *Contagion* as a *Dowry* got;
Which *Mungrel Junction* quite debauch'd the Minds
Of thoſe who trod in *Virtue's Paths* before:
And we, who have the baneful *Flood* eſcap'd,
Ev'n we, *our ſelves*, within our *Conſcience* bear

A thouſand *Crimes* againſt the *World's Great Lord*,
Not one of which but for *Chaſtiſement* calls.

God was no *Tyrant* when, with ſwelling *Floods*,
The *Earth* he choak'd, and ſtarv'd the *airy Brood*;
For ſince they *ſolely* were for *Man* ordain'd,
He, for his *Crimes*, raz'd from the *Roll* of *Life*,
Thoſe wond'rous *Tools* and *Organs* excellent,
Of *him* bereft, were but of little Uſe;
Man is the *Head* of all that Breath doth draw,
Who though *diſmember'd*, perſeveres in *Life*;
But *Members* from their *Head* once ta'en away,
Not long ſubſiſt e'er into *Nought* they turn.

Nor was *God* cruel when the *World* he drown'd;
For ſince *unguarded Man* at *firſt* rebell'd,
How is it 'gainſt the Rules of *Equity*
If *he* be puniſh'd, and his *Houſe* deſtroy'd?
That in its *Ruins* Reprobates may view
The Vengeance of that *All-ſufficient Lord*
Who wrought this *Deluge*, not the *hoarded Waves*
Of *airy Clouds*, or *Caves* in *Earth*'s vaſt *Womb*.

If all thoſe *Curtains* o'er this *Surface* ſeen,
With ſubtle *Air*, and pond'rous *Water* mixt,
Should on the *Wing* to ſome one *Climate* fly,
That *ſingle* Country they might *overwhelm*;
But our great *Fabrick* floated hath ſo long
Upon the Surface of the ſpacious *Main*,
Which hath the Heads of loftieſt *Hills* o'erflown,
As ſhews the *Flood* hath *univerſal* been.

What think'ſt thou, *Cham!* ſuppoſe thou hadſt Recourſe
Unto the ſecret *Caverns* of the *Earth*,
Or diſmal *Concaves* of prodigious *Mounts*,
Can there in them be *Air* enough contain'd
To ſwell o'er tow'ring Tops of ſtately *Trees*?
Or when *condens'd*, know ye how much muſt go

A *Vial* of the *meaneſt Size* to fill?
What then muſt happen to the *empty* Parts?
Or what ſhall in the room of *Air* ſucceed?
Since in the glorious *World*'s capacious *Sweep*,
Reſt well aſſur'd there is no *Vacuum* known.

From whence, thou'lt ſay then, doth this *Deluge* come,
Which hath the tall *Riphæan Woods* o'erflown,
And, riſing higher, *enviouſly* would
The *Light* extinguiſh of *Celeſtial Fires*?

Whence may I ſay, whence comes it, *faithleſs Son*,
That now ſo *tame* the *rav'nous Wolves* are ſeen,
And, wand'ring from their diſmal ſhady *Homes*,
By *God*'s Appointment, here with me abide?
Thou plainly ſee'ſt, and 'tis by *his* Decree,
That all things *living* me *Obedience* pay,
By which I'm to that *honour'd State* arriv'd,
Whence *Adam* fell through *Satan*'s direful Hate.
Whence doth the *Hagard*, though by me uncall'd,
Unto my *empty* Hand ſo tamely fly?
Or whence ſo little *Suſtenance*, doſt think,
So long hath ſerv'd ſuch *vaſt Variety*?
That *Partridge* here doth not the *Falcon* dread,
Nor tim'rous *Hare* the rav'nous *Tyger* ſhun;
That midſt theſe furious *Spouts* our *Veſſel* lives;
And all this while ev'n we our ſelves have born
The noiſom *Smells*, and never-ceaſing *Stench*
Of num'rous *Creatures* which it doth contain?
Whence we, I ſay, thus *wonderfully* ſav'd,
While all the reſt lie bury'd in the *Flood*?

Obſerve the Body of this large *Machine*,
In all its Parts *miraculouſly* fram'd,
And tell me then if *Man*, by *Heav'n* untaught,
Could ſuch a noble *Structure* ever rear?
But *God* no leſs his mighty Pow'r diſplay'd
When he *reſtor'd*, than when the *World* he *form'd*.

Oh ſacred *Patron!* pacify thine *Ire*,
Our *Hulk* preſerve, theſe raging *Floods* recal!
Let us, *O Lord!* continu'd *Mercy* find,
Howe'er to others thou thy *Wrath* doſt ſhew.

Thus *Noah* long Confinement eaſy made,
And in his great *Creator* put his Truſt,
Who, in Compaſſion to his *Creatures*, ſtopt
Thoſe *Veins* from whence the *Waters* guſhed forth,
Heav'n's Sluices ſhut, and the *thin Air* controul'd,
His *Channels* clos'd, the ruffling *Waves* withheld,
And calling forth the *Winds*, th' *Almighty* ſaid,
Ye *Fans* of *Heav'n*, *Earth's Brooms*, and *Bane of Woods*,
My bluſtring *Heralds*, and mine *Harbingers*,
My *Arms*, my *Sinews*, and mine *Eagles* ſwift,
That through the *Skies* my rouling *Chariot* guide,
When I, in Wrath, ſend forth conſuming *Flames*,
And through the *Air* amazing *Thunder* hurl,
My *Will* obey, theſe *Waters* ſoon diſperſe,
By which the loftieſt *Mounts* have long been hid.
Th' *Æolian* Crowd his high Commands fulfil;
The *ſurly Surges* of the *Waters* fall;
The *Flood* retreateth, and the ſacred *Ark*,
Which long had pond'rou *Spouts* from *Heav'n* endur'd,
Lodg'd on a *Hill*, at whoſe *proud Feet* appear'd
A thouſand more, which his *high Head* ador'd.

Noah, rejoic'd, from the large *Fabrick* ſent
A winged *Spy*, who flutter'd in the *Air*,
But not perceiving where her *Feet* to reſt,
Was re-admitted 'mong the *feather'd Tribe*.

Soon after from the *Veſſel's Window* flies
The harmleſs *Dove*, but could no *Land* diſcern,
And weary of her tedious, *fruitleſs*, Search,
To the great *Adm'ral* of the *Deep* retir'd.
But e'er great *Sol* ſev'n times his Courſe had run,
She iſſues forth the *World* again to view,

And in the Ev'ning brought within her Bill
An *Olive-Branch*, with watry Pearls bedew'd.

Then *Noah* thus; Oh *Mark* of *Heav'nly Love!*
Oh welcome *News!* behold the *peaceful Bird*
Brings in her Beak the *Pledge* of boding *Weal*,
And *Truce* with *God*; who thus does let us know
He will his gracious *Covenant* fulfil;
That *Tygers* fell their wonted *Rage* ſhall want,
Lions be *Cowards*, *Hares couragious* be,
E'er *he* to us be *falſe* in *Word* or *Deed*.
Oh ſacreed *Tree!* from whence theſe Leaves were ta'en,
Since in *Earth's Boſom* ſtill thy *Roots* have liv'd,
And from the raging *Deluge* thus eſcap'd,
How much it joys me *all Things* are not loſt!
Or if you ſprung up newly from the *Ebb*,
Prais'd be the *Bounty* of th' *Almighty King*,
Who hath ſo ſoon in this *new World* renew'd
Part of that *Beauty* which before appear'd.

Thus *Noah* ſpake---- But though the *Iſles* began
Their Heads to rear above the *liquid Field*;
And from his long continu'd ſable *Shade*
The friendly *Sun* his chearful *Beams* diſplay'd;
Though long *Fatigue* the righteous Man had born,
Not *Land* he would till *God* the *Signal* gave.

Warn'd from *Heav'n*, forth from the *Float* he went,
Or rather from an an irkſome, ſtinking *Goal*,
And all his *Fam'ly* then themſelves enlarg'd,
Placing their Feet once more on *Mother Earth*;
While num'rous *Pairs* of living Things beſide,
Joyous unto the *ſlimy Surface* paſs'd,
Or clean or not, for in the ſpacious *Ark*
All Kinds, by *God*'s Appointment, were receiv'd.

But mark the *Wicked*, who, not long before,
Had *whiſper'd* in each others liſt'ning *Ears*,
Now *loudly* ſpake, without Reſerve or Fear,
Baſe *Calumnies*, and *Blaſphemies* accurs'd.

Who

Who can believe, save those who stupid are,
A *Ship*, like this, near Fifty *Cubits* deep,
Thrice *Fifty* long, and but once *Fifty* broad,
A *Freight* so great for sev'ral Months could bear?
For since the *Steed*, and hard cas'd *Elephant*,
With num'rous others, *Water* must require,
As well as *Food*, a more capacious *Hulk*
Would, with the *Fodder*, have been much o'ercharg'd.

Oh ye Prophane! Were I but to exclude
From *real In-mates* that prodigious Crew
Of *since-born Mungrels*, who have Life receiv'd
From *monstrous Medley* of *unnat'ral Loves*,
Mules, *Leopards*, *Tygers*, other various Kinds,
Which since the *Flood* in *Incest* were begot,
Or that vast *Tribe* of *Animals umcouth*
That daily spring from hot *venereal Last*,
Wherein from time to time, in sundry Ways,
Dædalean Nature seem'd it self to sport:
Or if I can by *Demonstration* prove,
That this huge *Float*, by *God* himself contriv'd,
In ev'ry Part *Geometrically* fram'd,
Might in *good Order* all these *Creatures* lodge,
What Subject for your *Snarling* doth remain?
Cease then, th'*Almighty's Pow'r* no more dispute,
But be by *Reason's Argument* convinc'd.

I to admire the wond'rous *Works* of *God*
Am firmly *fix'd*; withheld shall be mine *Ears*
From *Man's* vain *Talk*. What he hath said is done,
And evermore is *one* his *Word* and *Deed*.

By *his* sole *Arm*, the vertuous *Patriarch* saw
The *Remnant* of the *World* from *Death* preserv'd,
And offer'd up, with pure and ardent *Zeal*,
A *Sacrifice* which his great *Maker* pleas'd;
Sending withal above the *starry Pole*
Unfeigned Sighs from a *religious Heart*,

Oh mighty *Father!* who doſt all Things rule,
Behold with *Mercy*; *Lord*, thy *Wrath* appeaſe,
And in *accuſtom'd Bounds* for ever fix
Thoſe vi'lent *Floods* which late the *Earth* o'erwhelm'd.

Then ſaid the *Lord*, I will that thou increaſe,
The ſpacious *Earth* with *num'rous Iſſue* fill;
Reſume your *Scepter*, and with awful *Pow'r*,
Both *Beaſts* and *Fowl* to your *Command* ſubject:
Re-exerciſe with ſpeed your *large Controul*,
For 'tis your *Office* over *them* to reign.

Take them, dear *Children*, ſtay and eat your Fill,
But know 'tis my Command that you abſtain
From taſting *Blood*; and leave the *ſtrangled Fleſh*,
by you untouch'd, unto the rav'nous *Fowl*.

I, I am *holy*; *good* and *juſt* be you,
All *cruel Men* are hateful to my Sight;
Your *Brother's Blood* I charge you do not ſpill,
Nor harbour brutal Rancour in your Breaſt.
Fly *Homicide*, and in no wiſe attempt
My Image in *thy Likeneſs* to deface.
He who is *cruel*, cruel Death ſhall know,
And I with *Blood* will ſurely *Blood* revenge;
Nor from my Wrath the *Murd'rer* ſhall eſcape,
But for his Crime ſevereſt *Vengeance* feel.

From henceforth, *Children*, fear no *ſecond Flood*
This *Ball* of *Earth* ſhall ever overwhelm:
No, be aſſur'd; I ſwear unto you No,
And who my *Oath* hath ever found *untrue*?
Again by my *thrice-ſacred Name* I ſwear,
And in the *Clouds* I, to confirm it, place
This *colour'd Bow*. Whene'er ſome *Tempeſt* black
Shall put *Mankind* again in deadly *Fear*;
When *Heav'n's dark Curtains* to the *Mountains* ſtoop,
And th'*Air* at *Noon* ſhall like as *Midnight* ſeem,
Your *chearful Looks* up to the *Rainbow* caſt;

For

For though it placed be 'midſt *watry Clouds*,
Yet ſhall it, when you greateſt *Danger* dread,
Make *you* of *me*, *me* of my *Promiſe* think.

Noah look'd up, and in the *Sky* he view'd
A *Semi-Circle*, various in its *Rays*,
Which from the *gloomy Air* aſcending bright
To diſtant *Horizons* it ſelf extends:
Which *beautiful* and *moſt ſurprizing Bow*
Doth *treble* ſeem. *One* to our Sight appears
As if 'twere painted of a *Golden Hue*;
Another *Green*, of Azure *Blue* the *Third*;
Yet (*wond'rous ſtrange!*) in each there *faintly* ſhines
Some other *Colour* changeable from thoſe.
A *Bow* ſurprizing in th' *Almighty's* Hand,
Whoſe *ſubtle String* ſeems level with the *Earth*,
Half parting *Heav'n* by its *capacious* Sweep,
And dipping in far-*diſtant Seas* its Ends:
A *temp'ral Beauty* in the lofty *Skies*,
Where pow'rful *Nature's Excellence* appears.

But if you only *Blue* and *Red* diſcern,
Eſteem the ſame of *Sea* and *Fire* the Signs,
The *overflowing*, and the *flaming* Fate,
Judgment that's *paſt*, and what is yet to *come*.

Then, having call'd on *God*, our *ſecond Sire*
Would not in *Sloth* his precious Moments ſpend,
But falls to Work, and wiſely doth renew
The *Trade* he learnt when in his *youthful Days*:
For the *Deſcendants* of inſulting *Cain*,
Enervated by *Luxury* and *Eaſe*,
Scorning their *Mother's* fruitful *Face* to *till*,
And prizing leſs the plain and homely *Cotts*,
With *Fields* and *Woods*, than darling *Cities Shades*,
Sought after *Trades*, and *Laws*, and *Sov'reign Rule*:
But *Seth* his Sons, to *Labour* more inclin'd,
Content with *little*, plough'd the *bounteous Land*,

Reclu-

Reducing, by industrious *Care* and *Pains*,
The *Droves* and *Flocks*, with *Hair* and *Fleeces* cas'd,
As *praiseful Gain*, and *Profit void of* Strife,
Art's chiefest *Nurse*, and *Life's* peculiar *Good*.

Bright *Sol*, the Glory of the *Heav'nly Lamps*,
The *Earth* no sooner from moist *Vapours* freed,
Than he for whom *Man*, *Beast*, and *Fowl* were sav'd,
His *Arms* employ'd the *drenched Mould* to delve,
And planted then, with *Art* and *needful Care*,
The tender *Branches* of the twining *Vine*.

On the *South Side* of a commodious *Hill*,
Warm'd by the *Beams* of the *all-rip'ning Sun*,
In Trenches shallow he the *Tree* doth place,
Which, sprouting up, the *juicy Clusters* bears.
In *March* his new-made *Nurs'ry* he reviews,
Cuts, props, and prunes, and the *Almighty* sends
Within the *third September*, for his Pains,
A plenteous *Vintage*, larger than his *Hopes*.

Then *Noah*, willing to forget those *Thoughts*
Which in his *feeble Age* him sorely griev'd,
Seeing so many Things with *Slime* cas'd o'er,
And he almost left *lonely* in the *World*,
From former Strictness *unadvis'dly* swerv'd,
And by his *own-made Nectar* was o'ercome;
For thinking he might in the *Liquor* drown
His *restless Cares*, it him of *Sense* bereft.

His fault'ring *Feet* the *Body* would not bear,
A *Fume* unusual wrack'd his *heated Brain*;
All things now *double* to the Sight appear'd,
And no *Coherence* had his *idle Talk*:
With *Wind* his *drenched Stomach* was oppress,
The *Tent*, though *fix'd*, in various Postures *mov'd*,
And when not able longer to contain,
The poor *old Man*, with *Sleep* quite overcome,
Snorting lies down, and wall'wing here and there,
Without Regard, his *Nakedness* expos'd.

Ev'n

Ev'n as the diſmal *Ravens* mount aloft
O'er ſpacious *Woods* on happy *Arab*'s Land,
Gardens deſpiſe, and moſt delicious *Bow'rs*,
Which with their fragrant Sweets the *Air* perfume,
And end on ſome *loath'd* Place their *tedious* Flight,
Where mangled *Limbs* and *Carkaſſes* are ſtrew'd:
Or as a *Painter*, in his *Art unskill'd*,
The *faireſt Features* not with *Care* regards,
Yet, (what he ought *avoid*) too nicely *marks*
That which is moſt *ungrateful* to the Sight,
As *Lips* too large, the *Hollowneſs* of *Eyes*,
A *ſinking Noſe*, or ſome ſuch *groſs Defect*;
Ev'n ſo the *Wicked* carefully would hide
In black *Oblivion* others *virtuous Deeds*,
But caſt too oft, in their *malignant Spleen*,
On *ſmalleſt Sins* the *blackeſt Infamy*;
Blame *others Faults*, and baſely ſpread abroad
The *lighteſt Trips* ev'n of the *beſt* of *Men*.
So brutal *Cham*, who *impudently* view'd
His *Father's Shame*, himſelf *profanely vile*,
With *ſcornful Laughter*, thus began to ſport
With *aged Noah*, much o'ercharg'd with *Wine*.

Here, *Brethren*, here, our *faultleſs Sire* behold,
View that *Dictator* who ſo oft rebuk'd
Both you and me; ſee how his *Bed* he ſoils,
And the *ſtrong Juice* aſcending takes its *Vent*;
Nay mark, withal, how the *ſage Patriarch*
Regardleſs doth his *Shame* to *View* expoſe.

Ah! *Beaſt*, not *Man*, his *Brethren* then reply'd,
Unnat'ral Villain, worſt of human Kind,
Thou ought'ſt with thine *own Garment* to have hid
Our *Father's Frailty*, but with *Silence* more,
Whom *Age*, *ſtrong Wine*, and *undiſſembled Grief*
Have made *this once* in *all* his Days to *fall*:
Thou *baſely* ſnarl'ſt at him who gave thee *Life*,

His

His *ſingle Fault* with *Infamy* proclaim'ſt;
And ſaying this, turning their *Eyes* away,
The hoary *Father's Nakedneſs* they hide.

Fumes now allay'd, *Noah* from *Sleep* awoke,
His *Crime* confeſs'd, and much aſham'd, admir'd
The *Wine's* great Strength; then, in *Prophetick Rage*,
Sentence pronounc'd againſt his *grateleſs Son*.

Curs'd be thou, *Cham*, and for thy ſake be *curs'd*
Thy *darling Canaan*; let the *pearly Morn*,
The *radiant Noon*, and *dusky Ev'ning* ſee
Thy *Neck* faſt yoak'd, of ſervile *Slaves* the *Badge*.
God be with *Sem*; and may the num'rous *Seed*
Of's Brother *Japheth* ſpread throughout the Land.

Error! 'tis not, but rather *wilful Crime*;
Oh *foul Defect!* Oh *fatal Frenzy* ſhort!
That by his *Friend* the Blood of *Clytus* ſpilt,
Pantheus his by *her* from whom he'd Birth.
By *thee* the *Boaſter* inſolent becomes,
The *Talker* blabs, fierce is the *cruel Man*;
The *Fornicator* to *Adult'ry* runs,
And the *Adult'rer* doth *inceſtuous* prove.
To all thoſe *Ills* thy curſed *Leven* prompts,
Of *Senſe* bereaves us, and does often quench
The *Soul* it ſelf: To execrable *Crimes*
The *holy'ſt Men* thy *baneful Venom* leads.
And as the *Muſt* beginning to re-boil
Makes the new *Veſſel's feeble Bands* give way,
Throws up the *Lees*, and ſpews its *Excrement*
From out the *Tub*, where 'twill not be confin'd;
So ruin'ſt thou *Mankind*, who, *gorg'd* with thee,
The *inmoſt Secrets* of their *Hearts* diſcloſe.
But hadſt thou never greater *Miſchief* done
Than *Reaſon* robb'd, by thy *pernicious Draught*,
Nature it ſelf would prompt us to abſtain,
From what like *ſudden Death* we ought to dread.

F I N I S.